

The Daily Mirror

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One Penny.

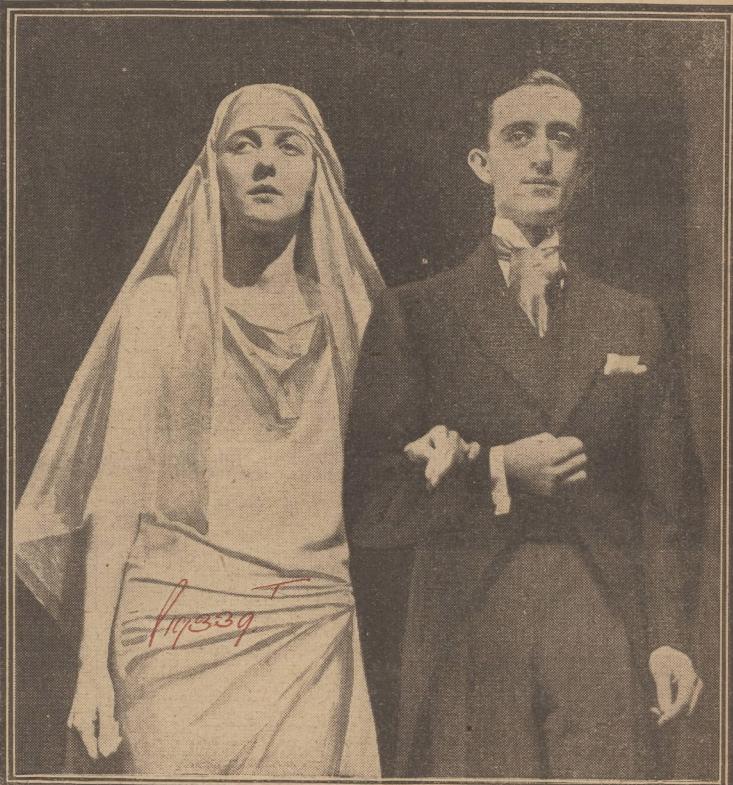
FAMOUS BEAUTY MARRIED TO A MARQUIS



Lady Birkenhead leaving with her two daughters after the wedding.



Mrs. Maurice Brett (Miss Zena Dare) was present.



The Marquis de Casa Maury and his bride after their marriage yesterday.



1938 T

1939 T

The two bridesmaids, in picturesque dresses.

1939 T

STORMS IN COMMONS OVER IRISH DEPORTATIONS

Attorney-General's Assurance That There Will Be No Court-Martial Trials.

SIR M. WALLACE TO BE ON APPEAL COMMITTEE

Pistols for Police Guards at Scotland Yard—Outrage Threats in Letters to Officials.

Heated passages marked the Commons discussion yesterday of the legal status of the hundred Irish men and women who were "rounded up" in Britain a week ago and sent to Dublin for internment.

The Attorney-General assured the House that there was no possibility of any deportees being court-martialled.

Sir Matthew Wallace (formerly on the War Compensation Board) had been appointed to the Advisory Committee to which deportees may appeal.

Police guards at Scotland Yard yesterday carried automatic pistols. It is understood that letters threatening outrage have been received.

DANGEROUS CONSPIRACY REPORTED GERMAN PLAN AGAINST FREE STATE.

Home Secretary Says He Was Forced to Act.

UPROARIOUS SCENE.

The first of a bombardment of questions from the Labour benches on the deportations came from the Leader of the Opposition, Mr. Ramsay MacDonald.

Replying, the Attorney-General stated that no proceedings would be instituted against

any of the deportees anywhere without the Home Secretary's consent.

Persons to be tried would be dealt with in exactly the same way as if deportation had not taken place. Crimes committed in England would come before English magistrates. If a crime had been committed in Ireland the trial would take place there. Wherever it took place the accused would be present.

There was not the least possibility of any deportee being tried by court-martial.

Mr. Lansbury asked the Home Secretary if it was not a fact that many persons in Irish prisons had been shot "not in the ordinary way, but accidentally."

The Home Secretary said there was no fact. The Free State Government have undertaken to do nothing but intern these men and women without agreement with the British Government.

Mr. Lansbury (very loudly): It is not a question of the Free State Government ordering the executions, but of men being shot in these prisons merely by accident.

There was some laughter and Mr. Lansbury replied out: "Well, laugh! You will probably be shot yourself some day."

LABOUR M.P.s REFUSED ACCESS.

Mr. Buchanan, in moving the adjournment to call attention to deportees interned in Ireland, said the House had been told that they were in Mountjoy Prison, but there was no assurance that they might not be moved anywhere. The Free State Government had no right to do this.

If the Government broke the Constitution, so should he, and he was going to use all the resources he could to assist these men to come back to their wives and families and give them a fair trial here.

Mr. Rhys Davies, seconding, said these men were entitled to all the amenities the ordinary criminals got.

Mr. P. J. Conner described the treatment of the deportees as a gross outrage.

Mr. Maxton declared that a man who had been arrested in his own constituency was a quiet, law-abiding citizen, who had not had any association with the extreme Irish movement.

This man had left behind him a wife and two children who were absolutely unprovided for.

COMPELLED TO ACT.

Mr. Bridgeman, the Home Secretary, replying on the debate, said the exceptional measures which had been taken were passed by the House of Commons under the Restoration of Ireland Act.

There was a dangerous conspiracy going on in this country against the Irish Free State intended to facilitate commission of crime.

The circumstances were such that it would be perfectly impossible for any Home Secretary to have taken no action in the matter.

The Home Secretary got up and interrupted the Speaker amid disorder and cries of "Name 'em."

Mr. Kirkwood: I do not care a straw if you name me. (Uproar.)

The Speaker appealed to hon. members on both sides to preserve order.



Lord Carnarvon  Lady Carnarvon.

Lady Carnarvon is flying to Egypt with a specialist for Lord Carnarvon, who is seriously ill with blood poisoning.

EVE'S STRONGHOLDS IN LONDON.

1,500 Women to 1,000 Men in Kensington.

SMALLER FAMILIES.

Census Proof of Decrease of Crime in Capital.

"How London Lives" might be a sufficiently comprehensive title for a remarkable Blue Book, published last night, which completes the returns of the 1921 census as far as the capital and its environs are concerned.

Family life, housing, employment, crime, the question of so-called "superfluous" women—these are a few of the subjects on which light is thrown.

For instance, it is shown that, although the total figures of 7,480,201 inhabitants is the highest recorded for the County of London, the average family is considerably smaller.

From an average of 4.15 persons in 1911 the figure dropped to 3.79, a decrease of 9 per cent.

The average number of families per occupied dwelling increased from 1.51 in 1911 to 1.59 in 1921, but, on the other hand, owing to the drop in the average size of the family, the average number of occupied rooms per person improved from .88 in 1911 to .91 in 1921.

18,969 EMPTY DWELLINGS.

London's population is therefore on a general average of rooms less densely housed than in 1911. Moreover, the number of families living two or more persons per room was reduced from 12,000 to 11,045.

One peculiarity of house-hunters will learn with a shock that last year there were 18,969 structurally separate dwellings unoccupied in the county.

Structurally separate dwellings occupied numbered 706,450. The excess of private families over occupied dwellings was 414,447.

London's lustiest "children," from the point of view of rapid growth in population, are the outer ring towns of Croydon, Hendon, West Ham and Willesden.

Each has over 10,000 more inhabitants than in 1911.

High percentage increases in the smaller towns are: Kingsbury (12 per cent.), Crayford (91 per cent.) and Wembley (51 per cent.).

UNROMANTIC WESTMINSTER.

For the County of London, the average number of persons in each district is six per acre.

In various boroughs the densities range widely, rates of 163 per acre being recorded in Southwark, 158 per acre in Shoreditch and 154 per acre in Bethnal Green.

Interesting light is thrown on the problem of the "surplus woman."

Kensington, where men are outnumbered in the ratio of 1,594 to 1,000, has the highest preponderance of women. Women hold large majorities also in Hampstead, Marylebone, Chelsea and Paddington.

Westminster is, apparently, a stronghold of bachelors and spinsters—"numbers of both single men and single women are greater than would be expected, having regard to the high average ages of each sex."

London's morals are, apparently, on the upward grade.

Prison and reformatory inmates also exhibited a decline, the proportions being 13.6 per 10,000 in 1911 and 8.3 in 1921.

NEAR EAST TALKS TO-DAY.

Allied Experts to Consider Turkish Plan—Peace Optimism.

British, French and Italian experts will hold their first meeting at the Foreign Office in London to-morrow to consider the Turkish counter-proposals.

M. Bompard and his colleagues will leave Paris to-day for London. General Sir Charles Harington, the Allied Commander-in-Chief at Constantinople, has been summoned to London to report on the military situation.

With good reason, both sides in the Turkish counter-proposals will be susceptible of reconciliation with the principles and policy contained in the Allied draft treaty. The Lausanne Conference is expected to resume after Easter.

OVERTURNED CAR MYSTERY.

Inquest on Man Adjudged Till Injured Wife Can Give Evidence.

Three people—a husband, wife and child—were found unconscious by the side of an overturned motor-car outside the Royal Northern Branch Hospital at Southgate.

The Islington coroner yesterday adjourned the inquest on the evidence of Dr. Ebenezer Hey (forty) a Southgate draper, who died.

Mr. Hoddy was also seriously injured, and the inquiry was adjourned until she is able to give evidence.

THE KING DINES WITH LIBERALS.

The King leaves London to-morrow morning for Liverpool, where, as the guest of Lord Derby, he will see the Grand National on Friday. Last night his Majesty dined with Lord Lincolnshire, whose guests included Viscount Grey, Mr. Asquith, Sir John Simon and other Independent Liberal leaders.

DATE OF BUDGET.

The Budget will be introduced, says the Exchequer, on Monday, April 16, a week after the reassembling of Parliament.

MISS MAUD ALLAN'S RETURN.

Miss Maud Allan reappeared in London yesterday, when she interpreted a series of "dance poems" at the Alhambra.

Her best effort was based on Rachmaninoff's "Prelude." In this she appeared as an exile on the way to Siberia, who turns on the torturing guards, and is sick down to die; a pathetic dance, which gave Miss Allan plenty of scope for effect. She was very well received.

A GLORIOUS "HAIR-DREAM" FOR EVERY WOMAN.

WONDERFUL OPPORTUNITY OF SECURING **FREE** ALL THE MATERIALS FOR SEVEN DAYS "HARLENE HAIR-DRILL."

THE GIFT COMPRISES:

1. A Trial Bottle of "Harlene-for-the-Hair."
2. A packet of the Magnificent Scalp-cleansing "Cremex"
3. Copy of the Illustrated Manual for practising "Harlene Hair-Drill"
4. A bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine for giving extra Lustre and Radiance to the Hair.

Read this page and make YOUR Hair a real bounteous and luxuriant "Crowning Glory." (See Free Coupon.)

IT is said that Dreams do not Come True, but the Dream of Beautiful, Rich, Luxuriant and Abundant Hair depicted here this morning can be truly realised!

Every woman, and man too, always admires a beautiful head of hair, which is a real Crowning Glory to its proud possessor.

To-day is presented a Golden Opportunity for everyone to enjoy the benefits of Beautiful "Harlene Hair-Drilled" Hair **FREE**.

So confident are the proprietors of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" specialities that an offer is made to no less than 1,000,000 readers of a complete Four-Fold "Hair-Drill" Parcel **FREE**. Have you got beautiful hair or are you in any way troubled with thin, straggly, impoverished or stunted hair growth, greasy or falling hair or (if you are a man) prone to baldness? If so, send at once for the magnificent "Harlene-Hair-Drill" Gift Outfit which will be sent you absolutely free on receipt of the Coupon printed on this page.

Each Outfit will contain a supply of the following:—

1. A Bottle of "Harlene," acknowledged and used throughout the world as the most stimulating and beautifying tonic food for the hair. Used daily, and whenever the hair is brushed as a dressing, it not only leeds the growth of the hair, but "insulates" it against every enemy of the hair, such as greasiness, scurf, dryness, splitting, breaking and falling out, as it "drills" every hair into a shaft of symmetrical beauty and lustreous with the radiance of health.

2. A Packet of the "Cremex" Shampoo Powder, which has the largest sale in the world because of the extraordinary way in which it frees the hair and the scalp from all scurf, stale and more or less unpleasantly odorous grease, clamminess, dull and lustreless appearance, transforming every hair into a tendril of exquisite daintiness and cleanliness. You should avoid greasy hair-matting coconut oils.

3. A Bottle of "Uzon" Brilliantine, which enhances the well-groomed appearance of the hair whilst supplying a corrective to the "too-dry" condition created by indoor life in artificially heated and lighted rooms. "Uzon" gives a final touch of polish and brilliancy.

4. The Book of the "Harlene Hair-Drill" Instructions, which reveals the secrets of this 2-minutes-a-day method of (1) cultivating and (2) preserving a glorious head of hair.

SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE GREY-HAIRED

If your hair is Grey, Faded, or quickly losing its Colour, you should try at once the wonderful new liquid compound, "Astol," a remarkable discovery which gives back to grey hair new life and colour in a quick and natural manner. You can try a free sample of charge by enclosing an extra 2d. stamp for "Harlene" parcel—i.e., 6d. stamps in all—when, in addition to the splendid Four-Fold Gift described in this announcement, a trial bottle of "Astol" will also be included absolutely free of charge.



The first step towards Hair Health is the delightful scalp-cleansing "Cremex" Shampoo, after which you massage your hair with the wonderful Tonic Elixir "Harlene" Hair-Beautifying "Harlene."

Your Hair, after a course of "Harlene Hair-Drill," will be so Healthy and Beautiful that it will absolutely amaze you and your friends so much will it enhance your personal appearance.

Send the Coupon TO-DAY for your **FREE** Gift, which will grow you a head of that Lovely Hair which is the most distinctive feature of a really beautiful woman. Don't wait a moment longer but Send NOW.

REGAIN HAIR HEALTH THIS WAY FREE.

If you have any form of hair trouble from no matter what cause it may arise, do not hesitate to avail yourself of this offer. Ask yourself these questions, and answer them to yourself:—

1. Do I suffer from Scalp Irritation?
2. Am I going bald?
3. Is my hair straggly and thin?
4. Does my hair come out in the comb or brush?
5. Does it fall out at any time?
6. Do my hairs split?
7. Is my hair too greasy or oily?
8. Is it, on the other hand, too dry?
9. Do I suffer from scurf?
10. Is my hair too wiry or unruly?
11. Is it too soft and straight?

These are eleven important questions which everyone should ask themselves. If you cannot answer them to your complete satisfaction your hair is out of order. It only requires a short course of "Harlene Hair-Drill," a delightfully pleasant and beneficial toilet exercise.

"HARLENE" FOR MEN ALSO.

Every man desires to preserve a fresh, smart, crisp appearance, and in this respect the care of the hair is essential. The Free Gift offer made in this announcement is open to every man, and they will find this two-minutes-a-day "Harlene Hair-Drill" a delightfully pleasant and beneficial toilet exercise.

IF YOU VALUE YOUR HAIR WHITE NOW.

Every day that you neglect your hair the more is its poverty increased, but no matter how difficult your case may be, no matter what disappointments you may have had, "Harlene Hair Drill" will never fail you. You are to buy "Royalty" itself, as well as by a host of the world's most beautiful actresses and Society men and women, this scientific method of hair culture awaits your test and trial.

After a Free Trial you will be able to obtain further supplies of "Harlene" at 1s. 1d., 2s. 6d. and 4s. per bottle; "Uzon" Brilliantine, 1s. 1d. and 2s. 9d. per bottle; "Cremex" Shampoo Powders, 1s. 6d. per box of seven shampoos (single packets 3d. each); and "Astol" for Grey Hair at 3s. and 5s. per bottle from Chemists and Stores all over the world.

POST THIS FREE GIFT FORM

Detach and post to EDWARDS' HARLENE, LIMITED, 20, 22, 24 & 26, Lamb's Conduit Street, London, W.C.1.

Dear Sirs.—Please send me your free "Harlene" Four-Fold Hair-Growing Outfit as announced. I enclose 1d. in stamps for postage and packing to my address.

"Daily Mirror" 29/3/23.

NOTE TO READER.

Write your full name and address clearly on a plain piece of paper, pin this Coupon to it, and post as directed above. (Mark envelope "Sample Dept.")

N.B.—If your hair is GREY enclose extra 2d. stamp 6d. in all—and a **FREE** bottle of "Astol" for Grey Hair will also be sent you.

FASHIONS FOR SUNNY, CHILLY DAYS OF SPRING—A SCARF WITH POCKETS IN THE ENDS



An up-to-date Paris model designed in Havana crinoline straw. It is simply but attractively decorated with drooping aigrette mounts on either side.



A pretty striped wool skirt worn with a bodice of brick-coloured crepe de Chine. One of Lucile's attractive designs.



A novel scarf of grey cloth—one of the latest notions from Paris—which has an embroidered pocket at either end, wide enough to take the fingers.



TAMED HERON.—A pet heron, which is one of the curious sights of Southsea. It follows its owner on his walks abroad like a dog.



This smart knitted woollen coat is notable for its handsome design, worked out in black on a white background. It is one of the new designs shown by Viallard, of Paris.



PARKS' WOMAN RULER.—Lady Eve, wife of Sir H. Trustram Eve, who has been elected chairman of the Parks Committee of the London County Council. She believes in plenty of games.

AMERICAN LEGION CARNIVAL BALL

In Aid of the Funds of the American Legion,
London Post No. 1.

FRIDAY, MARCH 23rd, 1923.

THE PALAIS DE DANSE Hammersmith, has presented some wonderful events since it started the dancing venue in London nearly four years ago. They culminate next Friday in the greatest night of all, when Social London will be present in strength to support this special appeal for funds.

The dancing from 8 p.m. till 2 a.m. will be remarkable for many.

REAL AMERICAN FEATURES

American music provided in part by London's greatest band, the Rector's Band, Orchestra, and a Cabaret Show of American Star Artists who have volunteered their services, including Melville Gidman, Laddie Cliff, and Miss Beatrice Lillie with "The Girls of the Old Brigade."

Very special prizes will be given in a Fox-Trot Competition by popular vote, and for most effective fancy dresses. Additional value prizes will be awarded for best representations of Uncle Sam and Britannia.

The Ball is under the distinguished patronage of

His Excellency The American Ambassador and Mrs. Harvey.

and it is our proud privilege to announce that

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES

has graciously consented to be present.

Admission 7/6.

To assist the Carnival spirit, Fancy Dresses preferably should be worn, otherwise Evening Dress.

Only advance Ticket Holders can be sure of admission. Tickets may be obtained from the American Legion, 13, Hertford Street, W.1, or direct from the Palais de Danse.

Owing to limited space available, parties are strongly advised to make their reservations early. Phone: Hammersmith 386 and 866.

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Never are the appetising essences of the Original Worcestershire more appreciated than when added during the cooking.

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and 24" bust for night wear
sections as shown. In
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For Down-Drag and Figure Prominence. Allows the accuracy of fit, lightness and ease of adjustment. This belt is a real boon to ladies troubled with undue prominence of figure, and the weight is distributed evenly. All weight is transferred to hips, with consequent improvement of figure and increased personal comfort.

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"Everybody should read this book,"—Scottish.

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TO-DAY'S GOSSIP

News and Views About Men, Women and Affairs in General



120108
Miss Dorothy Dickson, who has returned from Switzerland to the United States to star in "The Cabaret Girl" at the Winter Garden.



149
The Hon. Mrs. Harold Lloyd, daughter of Lord Forster, to marry Mr. J. W. B. Pease on April 5.

PEACEFUL REVOLUTION!

Women Hunt "Masters" — Brightening London—Famous Boxer's Tour.

The GREAT DEBATE on Socialism is to be varied this week by, among other things, a plea for the return of the shilling dinner for members of the House of Commons. Thus do extremes meet! Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, who is to press the matter of cheaper fare on the attention of the House, is no ordinary Labour member. Years ago he was a Page of Honour to Queen Victoria, and after he had been to Eton and Oxford he entered the Diplomatic Service. He now describes himself as a "peaceful revolutionary."

Last Night's Dance.

Lady Steel-Maitland has a daughter making her debut this season and in honour of her coming-out gave a dance last night. Miss Mary Steel-Maitland was eighteen last autumn and is the elder of two girls, the other, Frances, being about twelve. Later there is another important event in the family of Sir Arthur and Lady Steel-Maitland, namely, the majority of their elder son, Arthur, who is twenty-one in May. Formerly head of the Conservative organisation, Sir Arthur is now plain M.P. for Erdington.

An American Princess.

The rich American we used to know in London as Mrs. Stickney is, I hear, expected here shortly from America, en route for Paris, where she lives. The erstwhile Mrs. Stickney is now Princesse A. de Luceigne, and a widow for the second time. One of New York's Four Hundred, with a big town residence and a lordly country place, Mrs. Stickney was sponsored here by Mrs. Ronalds and Lady Randolph Churchill and speedily became a great social success.

Peer's Birthdays.

Yesterday was the birthday of two famous peers—Viscount Knutsford and the Duke of Westminster, aged respectively sixty-eight and forty-four. Viscount Knutsford is, of course, the ever energetic head of the London Hospital, whose whole life is bound up in its great work of amelioration. The Duke of Westminster, one of our wealthiest peers, is famous the world over for his love of sport and adventure.

To Marseilles.

Lady Beatrix Wilkinson has left for Marseilles by sea and taken her 6ft, 4in, daughter with her. Lady Beatrix tells me the fifty thousand visitor has now inspected Sir Nevile Wilkinson's wonderful doll's house, Titania's Palace.

Lady Bute Retires.

Lady Bute, who has been hunting the sporting Ayrshire pack known as the Eglington, is giving up at the end of the season, her successor being Major T. Dunlop, of Ayr. An Irishwoman, who has followed hounds since she was a child, Lady Bute has maintained the best traditions of the Eglington, but the duties of a M.E.H. take up much time. She has a large family, of whom the eldest, Lady Mary Crichton-Stuart, will be one of next year's debutantes.



14800
Mrs. Walter Faber.

Fernie's Hounds.

Two other women "Masters" of Fox-hounds resigning, I hear, are Mrs. Fernie and Mrs. Walter Faber, who have jointly the fine pack with which the former's husband, the late Mr. C. W. B. Fernie, showed such splendid sport in the South Quorn country for many years. After her husband's death Mrs. Fernie decided to continue Fernie's, and was joined in the "Mastership" by Mrs. Faber, who is also a great hunting woman.

Brightening Mayfair.

John-street, Mayfair, is evidently determined to be of cheerful aspect this season, for not content with a buttercup-yellow door at No. 1, I see that No. 4 is endeavouring to out-shine it! It used to be an all-white house in the days when Miss Ethel Clinton occupied it, but now it is painted café-au-lait colour, and its front door is enamelled bright orange! Chelsea—where Mr. Lloyd George has a grass-green door—must look to its laurels.

"Decorative" Streets.

Grosvenor-square, too, is doing its bit to be bright and gay, and I notice the pillars on the refuges are now being done up with a coating of silver paint. In Church-street, Kensington, too, the authorities are experimenting with street lamp standards in red, white, green and silver. They decidedly brighten the neighbourhood.

Famous Pugilist's Family.

Kid Lewis, the boxer—in private life Mr. G. Mendeloff—is now on his way to Cape Town with his wife and little son Morton. He will also visit Australia, and probably some contests will be arranged for him. Mrs. Lewis, who was a Miss Elsie Snyder of New York, possesses some wonderful furs, amongst them an ermine cloak which cost £500. She has taken with her twenty trunks full of her newest frocks. The little boy has a tiny bicycle to ride about the deck on.

Oxford Golf Captain.

This year's Oxford golf captain is Mr. Athol Leslie Murray, and his name may soon be very familiar, though he has a hard task in following such famous players as C. J. H. Tolley and R. H. Wethered. Mr. Murray is a Midlander, with Scottish blood in his veins. His home club is Copt Heath, Warwickshire. He is an old boy of St. George's School, Harpenden, where he was captain of both cricket and football for two years.

Cantab Ditto.

The Cambridge captain, Mr. Hector Goody, is a son of Sir Kenneth Goody, the eminent bacteriologist, and plays a lot at Walton Heath, where his parents have a house. He has not been playing in his best form lately, but is one of those players who have happy streaks of reserving their best efforts for the big occasions. He is at Trinity.

Stolen Pictures.

Stories of stolen pictures are like the sands of the sea for multitude. A specially ingenious theft was once effected by an Englishwoman who rented an old house in Paris famous for a number of wall panels by Nattier, Fragonard and other great painters of the Regency period.

Modesty with a Method.

The tenant said that these pictures were "shocking" to her because of the nudity of the figures. It was agreed, after argument, that they should be covered with a fresh panel, on which modern pictures could be hung. That was duly done. The rent was paid in advance, and for a while all went well. Towards the end of her term, however, the tenant disappeared; and when the landlord re-entered and took possession he found that all the Nattiers and Fragonards had vanished with her.

The Finest Line?

A Cheltenham correspondent thinks that the finest line in English poetry is from Wordsworth's "Tintern Abbey":

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns.
Tennyson once said that this was "almost the grandest in the English language, giving the sense of the abiding in the transient."

Coleridge on Jonson.

Ben Jonson's comedy, "The Alchemist," was produced by the Phoenix yesterday, was greatly admired by Coleridge, who said its plot was "absolute perfection for a necessary entanglement, and an unexpected, yet natural, evolution." The part of Drugger, which was played in this revival by Mr. Andrew Leigh, was taken by David Garrick at Drury Lane in 1743.

Lace Exhibition.

The Duchess of Portland does not, as a rule, lend her house for outside affairs, but on Thursday and Friday it will be thrown open for an exhibition of Nottingham lace, some of which will be shown by mannequins wearing dresses made by foremost Paris and London firms. The object is to further the popularity of lace, as there is great distress in the industry at Nottingham, some 75 per cent. of the looms being idle.

Ludlow's Oldest Family.

If family influence stands for anything, Colonel G. Windsor-Clive should be Ludlow's new member. Not only did his father, Colonel G. H. Windsor-Clive, represent the constituency for years, but also his grandfather, and uncle, Mr. R. Windsor-Clive, father of the late Lord Plymouth, whose son, the erstwhile Lord Windsor, is the retiring member. The family connection, in fact, goes back generations, an ancestor having been Ludlow's Rector in the fifteenth century!

Domesday Oaks.

Near the ancient town is Oakly Park, the family home of the Clives, whose head married the lady who was Baroness Windsor in her own right. This couple were Colonel G. Windsor-Clive's grandparents, and also the late Lord Plymouth's. The mansion at Oakly Park is quite small, but there is a glorious park with some splendid oaks, mentioned in Domesday Book, while through it runs the Teme, with stretches of the best trout and grayling fishing in England.

Donations Gratefully Received.

Over a million children under twelve years of age have passed through the Great Ormond-street Hospital, which was founded seventy years ago. At the present time 2,500 little patients are treated weekly by the medical and surgical staff, and there is always a list of £500 waiting for beds. But the hospital owes £20,000 to the bank, and needs £15,000 a year more than its present income in order to carry on.



14574
Miss Jessie Bruce, the twin daughter of Sir Bruce and Lady Bruce-Porter, to marry Mr. H. D. Bessemer on April 24.



14516
New portrait of the Duchess of Rutland, one of the prime movers in the National Bureau for the Deaf.

New Riviera Fashion.

I hear from Cannes—where the weather is just beginning to be really good—that there is a new dress vogue. Women wear their sports clothes, and only change at night. The sports clothes, it appears, are of the "super" sort—white frocks relieved with brilliant kerchiefs and tiny untrimmed felt hats.

Royal Artist.

The Bey of Tunis, the African potentate, who, it is reported, intends to visit Paris this year, is an accomplished artist. He has completed a portrait of the French Resident General in Tunis and also one of the French President, M. Millerand.

Famous American Airman.

Commander Towers, the newly-appointed assistant to the Naval Attaché at the U.S. Embassy, has come over to take up his new duties in London, which, he tells me, is almost like home to him. He was the commander of the Transatlantic flight in 1919, and is, of course, keenly interested in all that appertains to aviation.

Super-Tourists.

A friend who has just returned to London after being one of the 500 tourists who went on the super-cruise of the Homeric in the Mediterranean, tells me that most of the passengers bought large quantities of amber jewellery at Cairo. An interesting visitor who came to dinner at Constantinople was Kemal's brother—Kemal himself was on his honeymoon.

THE RAMBLER.

Over a million children under twelve years of age have passed through the Great Ormond-street Hospital, which was founded seventy years ago. At the present time 2,500 little patients are treated weekly by the medical and surgical staff, and there is always a list of £500 waiting for beds. But the hospital owes £20,000 to the bank, and needs £15,000 a year more than its present income in order to carry on.



Twenty years
older — but
wonderfully happy

The happy one is the elder one, though she doesn't look her age. Her eyes dance, her cheeks have the bloom of youth, she is the sunshine of the home. Her secret is health. Hall's Wine keeps her blood rich, her nerves strong, and her whole system in perfect tone and harmony.

Why look old, worried, depressed? Let Hall's Wine bring you glorious health and a joyous spirit, with sparkling eyes and merry laughter.

Hall's Wine is a wonderful help in every case of weakness and depression. The first dose does you good—a short course builds up a lasting store of health and energy.

A doctor says:
"It is impossible to take Hall's Wine without being benefited."

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Large Size Bottle 6/-

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PIP, SQUEAK AND WILFRED

A Happy Family of Pets Whose Comical Adventures Are Famous Throughout the World

"LOCKED OUT."

Daily Mirror Office.

MY DEAR BOYS AND GIRLS,—

Most of you, I expect, have had the same experience as Pip and Squeak to-day—arriving home and finding everybody out, and then attempting to get in by one of the windows like a burglar! It is sometimes a very exciting experience, especially if the window is small and there is an awkward drop the other side!

On several occasions, when I have forgotten or mislaid the key, I have "burgled" the house in which I happened to live. Once, after climbing to a perilous height, I attempted to enter through a skylight, and somehow or other got wedged half-way! Only after what seemed hours

of wriggling did I manage to get free—still outside the house, however.

It was on this particular occasion that, after deciding there was nothing to do but sit down and wait for somebody to arrive, I suddenly thought of my ticket pocket, and—there was the money! "Eh?"

Pip, by the way, asks me to apologise to all you "listeners-in" for not sending out a "wireless" bark last Thursday, as he promised to do. The "wireless" transmitter, as you know, was on the stage of the Covent Garden Opera House, and we all felt rather shy of saying or doing anything very much with the glare of the footlights in our eyes.

I want to see a good budget of entries for our competitions this week. Remember that neatness is a great help towards getting a prize. Try and win some pocket money for Easter.

Yours affectionately,
Uncle Dick.

PIP WOULD NOT MAKE A GOOD BURGLAR!



1. The pets had returned from a walk, and found themselves locked out.



2. Pip boldly determined to climb into the house through one of the back windows.



3. Unfortunately, he found it almost impossible to climb up the sloping roof.



4. —and at last slipped, sending the tiles flying in all directions!



5. Splash! He went into the water-butt, and Squeak was nearly "knocked out."



6. Then Angeline appeared—and told them that the back door was open all the time!

WHY IS CHARING CROSS?

London and the Questions Without Any Answers.

HAVE you ever wondered what makes Charing Cross? This is one of the silly nonsense riddles that Peter, a young neighbour of ours, asked me. London is a most mysterious city, according to Peter. "It's full of questions without any answers," he told me yesterday. "Now, why is Charing Cross, Uncle Dick?"

I had to give it up—as you probably will! Then Peter asked me some more questions which the most learned professor in the world would be unable to answer.

"Is there a Savoy in Covent Garden?" he wanted to know. "And a Grecophile ought to be popular with the poor people, didn't it? Can the Black Friars fry Poultry? May you never take off your hat in Hatt-on-Garden? Can Chel-sea? Is there an Elephant and Castle in Oxford-circus, and do you have to pay to go in?"

"Look here, Peter," I said sternly. "I have heard quite enough."

"Oh, but, Uncle Dick," cried Peter eagerly, "do tell me what made the Birdcage Walk. I've seen a bird walk, but never a birdcage! And why did Kensi Rise? Did it Aet-on a him from Hammer-smith? Did Bloomsbury treasure? And I have never found out what is that Womans' Scrubs?"

I jumped up from my desk at this point. "I won't listen to another single one, Peter!" I cried. "I shall feel quite ill if you make any more horrid puns! Go away and play somewhere else."

"All right, sir," said Peter meekly as he edged toward the door. "Then he turned round, shouted: "Why was Ludgate 'Ill'?" and disappeared hurriedly.

JOAN AND THE SNAKE.

ASK FOR THE 'DERECK'

12/11

Made in excellent quality Schappa, in effective style, and finished with the new "Buster" collar and Chré ribbon. How this article is offered, in sizes 13 to 14.

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Clear Your Complexion With Cuticura.

Bathe with Cuticura Soap and hot water to free the pores of impurities and follow with a gentle application of Cuticura Ointment to soothe and heal. They are ideal for children as is also Cuticura Talcum for powdering and perfuming.

Soap 1s., Talcum 1s. 3d., Ointment 1s. 3d. and 2s. 6d. Send for sample book to the Management, F. Newbery & Sons, Ltd., 27, Charterhouse St., London, E.C.1.

For Cuticura Soap shave without mug.



Fortunately this Tablecloth won't stain—

It is made of stainless Damascene, which is also waterproof and never needs laundering. When soiled a rub over first with a damp cloth then with a dry one, makes it snowy white again.

DAMASCENE

Bangs and looks like fine Damask
5/11 a yard, 48-50ins. wide. 4/11 a yard, 38ins. wide.
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In large tins 9d. & 1/3 of leading Stores, Chemists and Corn Merchants.

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& Co. Ltd., 18,
Marshalsea Road, S.E.1



£2,500 BEAUTY—



J.—Mrs. Sally Price, London, N.W.



A.—Miss Olive Allen, of Sunbury-on-Thames, Middlesex.



G.—Miss June Kennedy, London, N.

CHARLIE CHAPLIN AS A MINISTER

Charlie Chaplin, as he appears in his latest comedy, "The Pilgrim." He represents an escaped convict, who posed as a minister in an American country church. *Y. 2597*SUZANNE'S VICTORY.—Mlle. Lenglen (centre) receives the congratulations of the King of Sweden after her sensational defeat of Mrs. Mallory (right) at Nice.—(Daily Mirror photograph.) *Y. 130*

LIFEBOAT HERO.—Captain John Morris, of the Barmouth (Merionethshire) lifeboat crew, who during his service has saved fifty lives, has been presented with the Lifeboat Institution's certificate.



F.—Miss Beryl Jones, Cardiff, Glamorgan.



K.—Miss G. Thomas, Wallasey, Cheshire.



E.—Miss Florence Dye, Taunton, Somerset.

DIVORCE



Mrs. George Graves, wife of a decree nisi against her in a legal rights, which had no Graves insisted on

The twelve portraits above are this week's selection of competitors in Section I. of our £2,500 Beauty Competition, and will enable readers to fill up the first portion of the coupon on page 23.

Coupons should not be sent in until the rest of the week's twenty-four portraits have appeared. Sizes of portraits are no indication of *The Daily Mirror's* opinion of competitors' merits. In

OPENING OF THE FLAT RACING SEASON AT LINCOLN



A. The first flat race of the season, at Lincoln yesterday.



Mr. Herbert Toon, trainer of the winner of the first race.

191374

Mr. Herbert Toon, trainer of the winner of the first race.



Lord George and Lady Dundas in the paddock at Lincoln yesterday. The weather at the opening of the meeting was delightful.



Jockeys on their way to mount for the first race of the season.

In contrast to the snowstorms of last year, sunshine favoured the occasion, and despite recent heavy rains the going was none too bad.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)

6462

s de Casa Maury (brushing rose leaves
at the moon in Spain. The bride's going
is notable for its simplicity.

D.—Miss Kathleen Costello, London.



H.—Miss "Billie" Lewis, London, W.

Subsequent issues of *The Daily Mirror* this week will be published a further twelve portraits—

from Section II. (girls from five to fifteen years) and six from Section III. (boys and girls



L.—Miss K. Pinder-Thompson, Kensington.

—COMPETITION



B.—Miss Jean Beck, Hove, Sussex.



C.—Miss Thelma Coe, a competitor from Churchdown, Gloucestershire.



M.—Miss Violet Wyndham, London, S.W.

under five years). A prize of £100 will be awarded each week to the reader whose voting

coupon corresponds, or most nearly corresponds, with the general vote of all our readers.

**THE ROMANCE OF ANTIQUITY and ITS SPLENDOURS
TOLD IN PHOTO, PICTURE and STORY.**

The most superbly illustrated book ever printed.

WONDERS of the PAST

Edited by J. A. HAMMERTON

To be completed in 24 Fortnightly Parts. 1/3 per part.

The contents of Part 1 include

**THREE SUPERB
COLOUR PLATES
of the Treasure Tomb of
TUTANKH-
AMEN**

and a great wealth of photographs in black and white. In this part and succeeding parts the full story of the most sensational discovery of modern years will be told for the first time in permanent and beautiful form.

A COLOUR PLATE

showing (as it must have appeared when built) the tomb of Mâlusos at Halicarnassus, with a long description of this gem of art so long numbered among the celebrated Seven Wonders of the World.

THE JUNGLE TEMPLES
of Angkor Wat, in Cambodia, brilliantly described by Edmund Candler, the famous traveller, and gorgeously illustrated. Many of these photographs of amazing ruins have never before been published.

**THE WONDER CITY
of TIMGAD**

in North Africa, the finest Roman remains in the world, described by the Editor, with pictures which include a photogravure panoramic view measuring 23 in. by 11 in. This plate alone is worth the price of the part.

These and many other features illustrating treasures of ancient art—together with a great wealth of superb photographs—go to make up Part 1 of a work of irresistible charm.

THIS new publication is not a dull historical record, but a vivid and sumptuously illustrated survey of the marvels of antiquarian research in all parts of the world. While of great value to the student, it has been written for the ordinary reader, to whom it will come as a revelation of the magnificence of many of the ancient civilizations and the astounding beauty of their cities, palaces, temples, monuments and works of art.

It is printed throughout on high-grade art paper. Its illustrations and colour plates are reproduced by the most perfect method, and when bound the work will form two handsome volumes of unequalled pictorial and literary interest.

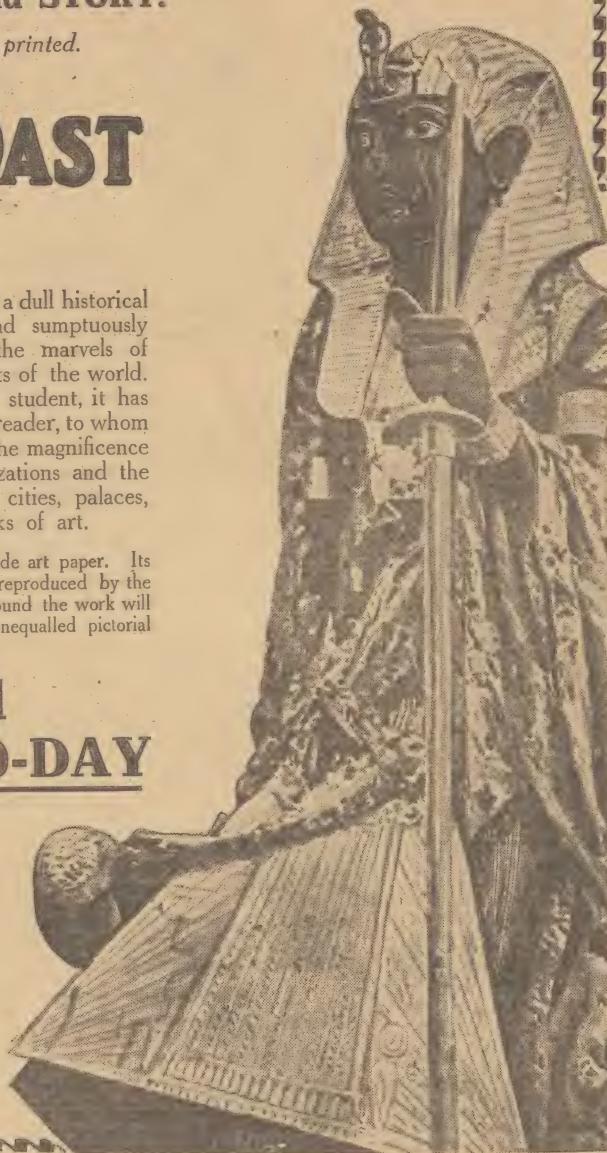
Part 1 On Sale TO-DAY

As the demand for Part 1 is certain to be very great, intending purchasers are advised to

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TAKE Iron Jelloids 1/3**
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TABLE WATER
BISCUITS**
are not the ordinary water
biscuits. Try them and you will
appreciate the difference.

MADE ONLY BY
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**Cadbury's
KING GEORGE**
ASSORTMENT
1/- PER QR. LB. 4/- PER LB.

See the name "CADBURY" on every piece of Chocolate

FOSTER CLARK'S
Try it with Rhubarb!
It is difficult to imagine a more delightful dish than crisp, fresh Rhubarb, softened by the delicious, creaminess of Foster Clark's Cream Custard.
Fold in Family Tins 11d. Pan by Packets 9d.
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CREAM CUSTARD

HINDOO SECRET KILLS SUPERFLUOUS HAIR FOR EVER, ROOT AND ALL.

Army Officer's Widow Tells How She Eradicated Hair Growth After 20 Years' Failures.

ELECTRICITY, ENTIRELY SUPERSEDED.

Remarkable Hindoo Secret, Revealed Through Officer's Bravery, Now Offered.

Through the generosity of Mrs. Frederica Hudson, widow of Major Hudson, a distinguished officer in the Indian Army, any lady can now secure quiet and complete relief from the curse of Superfluous Hair. Through the bravery and heroism of her soldier husband, Mrs. Hudson obtained possession of a remarkable Hindoo secret, which had hitherto been unknown among Indian women. Through this secret she got rid of her own growth after many things had failed; and now offers full information, free of all charge, to enable any other sufferer to do likewise.

MRS. HUDSON'S STORY OF REVENGE AFTER ELECTRICITY AND ALL THINGS FAILED.

Here is Mrs. Hudson's story: For years I was sorely afflicted with a heavy growth of hair on my face, neck, and parts of my head, and a hideous hairy covering on my arms. Like most other women I had made a small fortune on the various preparations advertised; all these had failed to eradicate my growth at all. I also submitted to the terrible electric treatment and found that for every hair thus destroyed at least two came back in its place.

"THE HINDOO RELIGION MAKES SUPERFLUOUS HAIR DISAPPEAR."

My husband, when staying in India, discovered (as anyone can verify from those who have been there) that Hindoo women are forbidden by their religion to have hair on any part of the body except their head. Even the faintest trace of hair on lips, chin, neck, and elsewhere estranges a Hindoo woman. The Hindoo method of destroying hair, however, has always been a closely guarded secret. My husband, however, was a converted Hindoo, and the life of a converted Native Soldier and persuaded him to reveal the secret of the Hindoo Hair-Destroyer. My husband gave me the secret formula and I tried it.

IT POSITIVELY KILLED MY GROWTH.

TO-DAY I HAVE NO TRACE.

The very first application made the hair weak and withered-looking. In a few days the hair entirely disappeared, and since then I have never had a trace of hair to show. And so having got rid of the curse of a lifetime I absolutely killed my heavy mustache, the coarse tufts of hair on my face, and the heavy covering on my arms from which I suffered so much. I am sure that I want every lady to have the benefit of the secret which my poor husband secured for me.

So here is the secret. Please send me the coupon below, or copy of it, together with your name and address (please state whether Mrs. or Miss), and three penny stamp to copy of my secret formula, and the full directions, full and complete instructions, so that you need never have any trace of superfluous hair to annoy you again for the rest of your life.

FREE COUPON. Good for immediate use only by readers of "Daily Mirror" when sent with three postage stamps for postage.

Mrs. Hudson. Please send me your full information and confidential instructions for banishing superfluous hair.

Above coupon, or copy of same, with your name and address and three penny stamp to be sent to FREDERICA AND HUDDSON, 106, No. 9, Old Cavendish Street, London, W.1.

IMPORTANT NOTE. Mrs. Hudson belongs to a family high in naval and the shadow of a prominent Officer in the British Army, so you can write her with entire confidence. Address as above.

THE OXYGEN DEODORANT

BAN-ODOR

(TRADE MARK).

Banishes any Body Odour and does it instantly.

The most convenient, economical, efficient and rapid-acting deodorant, also the most lasting in its effect's.

Ban-odor acts immediately with the most antiseptic and purifying effect of oxygen. It renders impossible any offensive odour from perspiration or other causes.

Ban-odor is in stick form in dainty adjustable metal holder. This unique holder prevents waste and renders **Ban-odor** incomparably more convenient and economical than any cream, powder or liquid can possibly be.特别 suitable for carrying in handbag or pocket.

The solution of the problem presented by offensive body odours (often unnoticeable except to others), or even by the possibility of their occurring, is so extremely simple that there is really no excuse for any embarrassment now. The subject need not concern the slightest degree anyone who uses **Ban-odor** regularly.

One touch of Ban-odor—then no more embarrassment.

The dainty case of **Ban-odor** will be sent in plain wrapping post paid, on receipt of the price (1/-); or sufficient for a thorough test will be sent entirely free of cost if you just send a postcard to Dept. 24, Research Laboratories, 22, Euston Buildings, London, N.W.1.



LADIES' MIRROR

FOUR-IN-ONE LINGERIE—SUN RAYS ON SHOES.

Of course, it had to come—the chemi-cami-corset-knick! More than one garment under some of the new frocks means a bulge, and the new dress commandment is "Thou shalt not budge." They call it a corset-pantalon, and as its two whalebones come in and out without any trouble, it can be washed just like the four garments.

A PUZZLE.

This will be something of a blow to the laundries, won't it? But only for a time! They'll invent a new reason for charging just as much for it as for the garments it replaces. They always do.

BACK AGAIN.

Sooner or later every old fashion crops up again. Youngish grandmothers remember wearing as girls the "new" wrap coat of tweed with its Inverness cape—only their's were really capes and ours are cape sleeves, which have the same effect, but are less heavy.

RIVALS.

Paisley, Paisley almost everywhere. It's the one great rival to Luxor. It appears as flounces on a dark frock, as piping, as linings, as cuffs and collars, and kerchiefs!

COLOURS.

Some of the colour combinations for frocks with a leaning towards Egyptian are lovely. Sand and Nile green, Nile green and long distance blue, mummy wrapping brown and sunset red—these are favourite combinations.

FOR DAY FROCKS.

Grey and yellow seem to appear frequently for day frocks. A crepe de Chine in grey and yellow stripes with a yellow kerchief and a big grey felt hat with yellow beads on it looks well on a red-headed girl.

SUN rays on frocks appear in every conceivable bead, embroidery and paint—and now sun ray shoes have arrived. White suede sandal shoes have black patent leather straps sun rayed to an ankle-strap, and patent leather shoes have white stitching in the same form. At a dance the other night Miss Lois Sturt was wearing black satin shoes with diamond sun rays from the toes.

BIZARRE.

You must be extraordinary if you are to be successful—but beware! However extraordinary you are, you mustn't shout it to the assembled throng, but indicate it delicately. One hand-painted medallion on a simple "little girl" frock, one small string of beads on a plain felt hat—yes! But if you overdo it, people will murmur disparagingly "Chelsea."

CHELSEA-ISM:

Of course, you may like the Chelsea label. If so, get yourself a striped frock of contrasts and a very, very wide felt hat and a string of enormous beads to wind round the crown with huge earings to match.

MONOGRAMS.

The little shield pocket with a monogram worked on it makes all the difference to a simple overblouse. The shield is outlined with silk stitcheries, and the monogram can be as indecipherable as you please, since it's not good form to shout your initials to the casual eye.

HANKIES.

If you don't want to be bothered with making a blouse, you can embroider one corner of a little silk or cambric hankie with the monogram, and let the corner fall, flap fashion, over the edge of the ordinary pocket.



Sand-coloured georgette with a giraffe lined with jade green makes this Viola gown.

LINER NEWSBOYS.

"Paper, Sir?" Call to Greet Ocean Travellers.

BROADCASTING NEWS.

BRONZE AGE GRAVE.

2,000-Year-Old Discovery by Scottish Farmer.

URN BESIDE SKULL.

A grave believed to be 2,000 years old has been discovered by a farmer digging for sand at Callendar, Kinross.

He came upon the grave at a depth of four feet. First there was a peculiarly marked slab, then two other slabs, and two still larger ones underneath.

When one of the latter was removed a full-size skeleton was revealed, with an urn placed beside the skull. The floor of the grave was covered with pebbles.

An archaeologist examined the remains declared the discovery to be that of a typical Bronze Age burial at least 2,000 years ago.

An expert from the National Museum, Edinburgh, is examining the grave and skeleton.

FAIRYLAND "PREMIER."

Man Throws Chocolates and Cigars at People in Street.

A well-dressed man sat on a seat in High-street, Bromley, with a box of chocolates and cigars beside him on Sunday night, and threw the contents at passers-by.

He declared himself to be the Prime Minister, and was taken to the police station.

After a night in a cell he was removed to the Bromley War Hospital and placed in the observation ward.

He is well-spoken, and is believed to be an officer suffering from shellshock.

DUKE OF LEINSTER.

Arrival in England—To Compete in New York—Cowes Ketch Race.

The Duke of Leinster, whose impending arrival from America was referred to in the London Bankruptcy Court proceedings last week, reached Liverpool yesterday morning on the White Star liner Cedric.

The Duke, whose name did not appear in the passenger list, stated that the ketch race from New York to Cowes and back, in which he is a competitor, would begin about the middle of June.

THE GREATEST GRIFFITH SUCCESS—

"ONE EXCITING NIGHT"



CAROL DEMPSTER
(D. W. Griffith's new star).

Twice Daily at 2.30 and 8.30.

NEW OXFORD THEATRE

SURRENDERED TO POLICE.

Butler Who Vanished Accused of Theft of Jewels Worth £327.

There was a sequel yesterday to the disappearance of a butler and a quantity of valuable jewellery from a Scarborough residence. Alfred John Lucas (twenty-eight), a smart-looking young man, who had given himself up to the police in London, being remanded for a week on the charge of having stolen jewellery and money, was valued altogether at £327, from Miss Ethel Foster.

Constable Windsor stated that Lucas had been employed as a butler by Mr. Foster. He disappeared and jewellery and money were missed. Nine pawnbrokers in London had received portions of the jewellery in pledge.

They, however, had not given information to the police, and had it not been that Lucas sur-

rendered to the Metropolitan Police and gave

all the information he could, he would not have been recovered.

Correction.—Colonel T. F. Waterhouse, D.S.O., who was sent for trial last week on a charge of fraud, was inaccurately described as "formerly clerk to the Northampton justices" instead of "Wolverhampton," where the charge was heard.

More Smallpox.—Smallpox cases at Clowne (Derbyshire) number seventy-seven, three fresh cases being recorded yesterday.

THE MYSTERY HUSBAND

By A. J.
RUSSELL



NEW READERS BEGIN HERE.

EVE STURDEE, a sweet and impulsive woman who finds her fullest expression in love, has married Ronald Sturdee, her village sweetheart, who has become one of the famous impresarios in London. He is the man who discovered the great singer Newark.

Ronald is a complex character who seems cold and unemotional to his wife, although he is all the time a man of feeling.

She should be. Despite themselves, there is a feeling of restraint develops between them which even the two children that are born to them fail to bridge.

Eve strives to be tremendously helpful to her husband, but finds it a difficult financial crisis. Yet he apparently takes all for granted and she can only decide his nature is unawakened.

Awakening comes to him, without her knowledge, by a terrible mishap with a fascinating little minx, Fritzie Davis. This terrible mishap leads him to declare his passion for her, but she will not know that the feeling is reciprocated. He finds out at last that she has merely been using him as a copy for her own purposes.

Slowly Ronald begins to appreciate the true quality of his wife. He arranges to take an opera company on a world tour and entrusts to Eve the carrying on of his business during his absence.

But Eve is not satisfied. She demands to apply to a moneylender for a loan. The man who eventually lends her the money—Frank Rawlinson by name—is a quixotic character who helps her because he is fondly in love with Eve. It is with him he is wholly honest, and goes abroad as soon as her husband returns. The liner on which she embarks founders, and Rawlinson perishes.

Later Eve perforce has a hand-up with Richard Milligan, and appears as his medical attendant. Ronald is miserable because he uses his wife's affections are for anyone but himself.

CAPRICIOUS WOMAN.

SEVERAL days elapsed before Ronald had the opportunity of a confidential chat with Richard Milligan. The ex-doctor was often in the flat, but he was wont to get up and depart as soon as Ronald entered.

But one evening when he rose to leave Ronald joined Eve in pressing him to stay.

Eve retired early, leaving the impresario and the ex-doctor in earnest conversation. At first Richard Milligan seemed loth to talk of himself, but Ronald diplomatically drew him on. By degrees he extricated from him a sketchy account of many other incidents in his past.

"Why did you come to the medical profession?" Ronald asked.

"I look up to you, sir," Milligan's face.

"When I was a boy I nursed a sick man—my uncle—for three years. It was that experience and my uncle's gratitude that made me fall in love with the greatest profession in the world—healing. When the General Medical Council deprived me of my diploma for helping a school chum, he did something more serious than taking away my livelihood—they prevented me from entering my fellow-men as God intended me to serve them."

That night Ronald asked himself: "Is this man the model of correctness Eve declares and his actions affirm?"

The thought came to Ronald to watch Dick and Eve together, but he banished it instantly. No, not that. He was not the swine on his own wife. Was it not obvious that the man over whom he had now lost her head was one who had been purified by suffering? What mattered it, then, if only Eve benefited by his society and was soon restored to normal health? Of course, she would recover. But supposing on that day he found her in Milligan's arms?

It was a terrible business. Reason seemed to say that he was acting rightly, but Dick said the same. His wife would probably say he was acting like an idiot. How would it all end? Was Eve to be spending the rest of her life falling in and out of love?

There came a day when reason and intuition were brought into sharp conflict—Eve's birthday, the day on which he had promised to hand her half of the proceeds of his Australian tour—two thousand five hundred pounds.

Business was bad. His most recent London concerts had been financial successes but financial losses. Two thousand five hundred pounds taken from his bank would leave the business in a parlous state. He explained the situation to Eve, and vainly looked for sympathetic understanding.

"All the stronger reason why you should keep your promise, instead of trying, as I knew you would try, to shuffle it off it," declared Eve uncomprisingly. "The business is doing well with the exception of it. It's in low water again. It's your fault entirely."

It was always the same. Everything that he did was wrong. He was selfish, incompetent, irresponsible, quixotic—everything that he shouldn't be. He had only to advance an idea and Eve would use it to attack him.

Dared he hand such a large amount of money to his wife? Once he would have entreated her with everything. He was a good, sensible man now. Eve, the capricious wife, who was affecting the part of the modern woman—a part which she was the least qualified to play—could not be depended upon to act as she used to act in an emergency.

In previous years he had only to breathe a word of financial difficulty, and she was ready to lay all at his feet. Now she was determined to take not only what was in his pockets, but in his bank, even though her rapacity brought his business to bankruptcy. Carefully avoiding inflammatory words, he re-emphasised his posi-

(All the characters in this story are fictitious. Translation, dramatic and all other rights reserved.)

tion. She listened, at first impatiently, then with an approach to sympathetic understanding.

"You know that I will always help you," she declared, a tiny spark of the old Eve noticeable once more.

He caught at it. "I wish I could feel sure," he said. "Why do you want the money?"

Here she flared up again. "I want the money!"

"It's mine! I've earned it. You said so yourself. I want it in my bank as security against another of your periodical failures."

They were standing on the roof of their flat. A couple of hundred feet below was the cement courtyard. There swept over him a wave of hot anger against this woman who repulsed him even now, who misinterpreted everything he said or did.

Abruptly he turned from her and walked the full circle of the roof, thinking hard. In turn-

ing he was one of the handsomest men he had ever met, a man who, if he chose to play the mean part, could be a highly successful "lady-killer."

Recently a new gold chain had appeared on Dick's waistcoat; more recently Dick had bought a set of smart gold-mounted walking-sticks. Evidently Dick's financial affairs were on the up-grade.

Ronald concluded that these signs of prosperity were the result of an extended "pratice." Of late Dick had not spent so much time in attendance upon Eve. Perhaps Eve had found him more secret patients among her lady friends. It would be like Eve to go to the greatest trouble to help this unfortunate doctor.

Anyway, thought Ronald, it was not his affair. He had enough worries of his own without

state of things must end. It will kill me if it doesn't. I can't endure this place with you another week. Either you go away or let me—"

Ronald gave a long sigh of utterable relief.

"All right, Eve," he said, and went on calmly. "What of the children? I suppose we take one each."

For a second Eve was taken aback. She had hardly expected such a ready agreement to her reckless request to separate.

"How can you look after a child?" she asked, a little mortified. "Besides, they are both so happy together. Even you wouldn't be so cruel as to part them."

Ronald felt his eyes moistening.

"No, Eve, I won't do that. So it means that you have both?"

"Of course!"

"Very well; I shall leave you on Monday next, if I can fix up bachelor apartments by then."

"Don't make it any later, if you can help it. You must see, too, that we have an adequate allowance."

"Good." He checked himself. "But, Eve, I gave you a large amount of money last week."

"You mean you handed me my own money. Please remember that though, after a lot of argument, you paid me what was only rightly due to me, you still have a duty as a husband. You must keep me and the children decently."

"The man who wins the hand of the new Eve has my complete sympathy," thought Ronald at this moment.

Eve was to give Ronald one more surprise before he said good-bye to Russell Court-mansions. It was Monday—the day of the voluntary separation.

"I have lost my key of the flat," Eve announced at the end of a melancholy breakfast. "Which means," Ronald rejoined, "that he wants mine."

Eve's eyes did not lift from the tablecloth. Her silence said "Yes."

Without another word, Ronald removed a Yale from his bunch of keys, placed it on Eve's plate, kissed her cold forehead, and passed into the nursery to give a farewell hug to Norman and Joye.

Joye left the children and accompanied Ronald to the door. He kissed her good-bye. Joye was crying.

"Thank God it's over," he said fervently as the lift carried him and his bag to the ground level.

Another fine instalment will appear tomorrow.

A GIRL AGAINST THE WORLD.

When a girl has only her mother-wit and a certain fascinating independence of character to help her through the world, how will she fare? This is the theme of S. ANDREW WOOD'S fascinating new serial, which begins in next Monday's "DAILY MIRROR."

ORDER YOUR COPY EARLY.

ing he saw that she had seated herself on the coping of the low wall.

As he came back to her, she said, "I'm still waiting for you to honour your promise!"

Ronald descended to his den. A few minutes later he returned and placed a pink paper slip in his wife's hand.

"There you are, Eve," he said. "Two thousand five hundred pounds."

Eagerly Eve took the cheque and examined it carefully. Then she fell into a reverie.

"Have you nothing to say to me, Eve?"

She awoke to the patient persistence of his question with a start.

"Yes, Ron," she said vaguely. "Thank you. It will come in useful. Yes—very useful."

THE BREAK.

BOTH Ronald Sturdee and Richard Milligan spent more of their time at Russell Court-mansions.

The "doctor" was an interesting talker, and in his conversation Ronald's unwilling liking for him increased. He who had first gently remonstrated with his wife for calling his medical adviser by a nickname now used "Dick" himself.

After Eve had retired to bed one night Ronald saw a little more openly than was his wont with "Dr." Milligan.

"Dick," he said, "I can't help seeing things."

For a second Dick seemed to miss Ronald's question.

"You mean—?" he began.

"My wife—Eve. I can't help noticing her manner toward you."

Milligan was immediately all sympathy.

"My dear fellow, of course you see things. I have wondered why you have not spoken before. I have thought—"

"Look here, Dick, you know that a husband doesn't proclaim a change in his wife's affection from the houseposts. His wife is sacred—sacred!"

"My dear Ronald," Dick Milligan leaned forward in his chair and looked Ronald steadily in the eye, "to me your wife is sacred, on my word as a gentleman. That she has a liking for me is plain to us both—there is no reason to deny it. But I cannot help it. Only it makes my position all the more difficult.

"Believe me, from the first day I came until now, I have played the game. Unfortunately my wife has lost interest in you before I came. That is so, is not in dispute. But again I am not to blame. Nevertheless I am at your service. I will go away if you think fit. I've thought to go without being asked."

Ronald did not answer for a moment. Dick was playing the man; unquestionably he was playing the man. Moreover, Dick was irrefutably right when he said that Eve was not in love with her husband when he first appeared on the scene.

He did not honestly accuse Dick of stealing his wife's affections. They had not been stolen. They had been lost to him before ever Dick or his predecessor, Frank Rawlinson, appeared to cause domestic discord at Russell Court Mansions. For the past Ronald was alone to blame.

"Dick, what is your attitude to my wife? You haven't told me that."

Dick's face lit up.

"I like your wife more than any other woman," he said enthusiastically. "She's been most kind and sympathetic. She saw how I was suffering, how far down I had gone, and she did her best to help me. And in return I have done my best to help her back to health."

"Is that all?" Dick inclined his head.

"That's all, Ronald," he said, "except that I shall never forget your wife's kindness. If I can be of service to her or hers in any time coming the rest of my life I shall be only too happy to do everything humanly possible."

He struck the table. "I would have gone already, only your wife begged me to stay. If I'd disobeyed—well, the Fates might have been crueler to you." Dick concluded with a meaningful gesture.

It was true, bafflingly true, Ronald thought. He could not blame this unfortunate man. Dick, too, was behaving in the only way open to a man of honour. But if Dick were only fond of Eve he might be drawn to look to him as the solution of this monstrous domestic problem.

Dick was wearing, he now noticed, a new suit of dark brown, which became him well. Ronald grudgingly admitted to himself that Dick Milligan

troubling about the improved financial status of Richard Milligan.

A few evenings later Ronald returned home to find that both Eve and Joye were out; the maid had no knowledge of the whereabouts of either.

Ronald settled himself down to enjoy a new novel, and was half-way through before Eve appeared. As Ronald rose to greet her he noticed an ominous brightness in his eyes. His greeting passed unnoticed.

Ronald, I want to know. How dare you talk to Dick about me as you've been talking?"

Ronald stepped back a pace in surprise.

"What I said to Dick I said in confidence. Has he broken my confidence?"

She stamped her foot.

"No. Of course he hasn't. Do you think I don't know without Dick telling me? I can tell by his face, his new manner."

Here was another bone of contention, Ronald thought.

"I simply asked Dick what was his attitude toward you," he said. "After all, I'm your husband. I was entitled to ask that."

You had no right to speak to him at all."

She went to her room and removed her hat and wrap.

Presently she came back to announce: "See here, Ron, my mind is made up at last. This

state of things must end. It will kill me if it doesn't. I can't endure this place with you another week. Either you go away or let me—"

Ronald gave a long sigh of utterable relief.

"All right, Eve," he said, and went on calmly. "What of the children? I suppose we take one each."

For a second Eve was taken aback. She had hardly expected such a ready agreement to her reckless request to separate.

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Joye left the children and accompanied Ronald to the door. He kissed her good-bye. Joye was crying.

"Thank God it's over," he said fervently as the lift carried him and his bag to the ground level.

Another fine instalment will appear tomorrow.



A GENTLEMAN OF POLISH.

"Oh, so that's it, is it?" I thought I had stepped on a mirror.

My word, but it does give a polish.

"I never knew before what it was that gave this house such a smart, well-cared-for appearance.

"For floors and furniture, it is top-hole.

"And Mary seems to get her work done in no time."

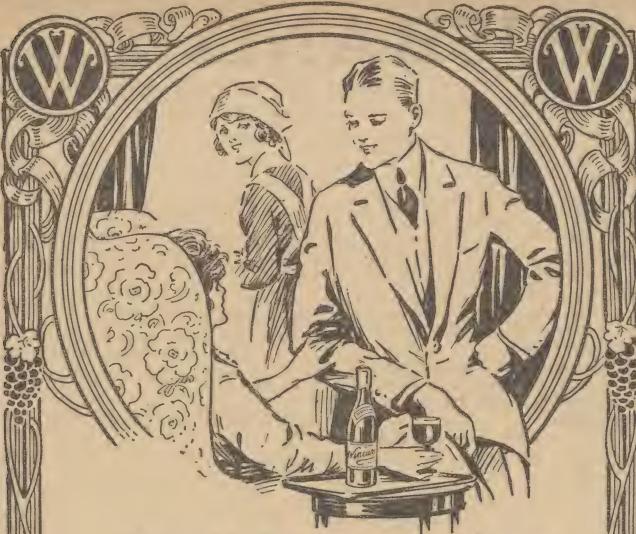
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quickly gives a beautiful mirror-like surface to Furniture, Stained or Parquet Floors and Linoleum. SOLD IN TINS, 4d., 7d., 1/-, 1/9.



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"Yes, it's lovely to feel I am getting strong again."

What a feeling of satisfaction it is when you have been nervy, depressed or run-down, to find health and vigour returning to you. The experience of countless thousands of persons who have derived new strength and new vitality from Wincarnis is a wonderful tribute to the health-giving power Wincarnis possesses.

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But be sure you get Wincarnis. Remember that substitutes mean disappointment and money wasted. If you are offered a substitute or something said to be "just as good," say "No, thank you, I must have Wincarnis."

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Please send me a Free Trial Bottle of "Wincarnis." I enclose five pence postage.

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"Daily Mirror," 20/3/23

PLEASE WRITE PLAINLY

Meltis CHOCOLATE

"melts in the mouth"

DRESS.

Bato. 2s. 6d. For the minimum 2 lines.
BABY'S charming complete Layette, 32s. 6d.; every thing necessary, dainty Swiss robes, afternoon gowns, nightgowns, wrapper vests, flannels, shawls, petticoats, Terry towelling, etc.—Mrs. E. Barker, 31a, Brougham-nd, Southsea.

BABY'S superior Layette, complete, 19s. 6d.; wool material, Swiss robes, afternoon gowns, nightgowns, bath, borders, vests, Turkish napkins, etc.; send 2s. for parcel approval.—Nurse, 94, Kingston-nd, Portsea.

A nice way to buy a fashionable Costume, Painted Art Suit, Boots, Watches, etc., is on Masters' credit terms from 4s. monthly; write for catalogues and free terms. Masters, Ltd., 10, High Street, Rye and free terms.

BEAUTIFUL Leather, 20 clrs. 9d. R.; send 2d. stamp to pay.—Carter, 10, New Bond-nd, London.

EXCELSIOR Boudoirs, Mattoons, 6 yards, 2s. 6d.; Cluny, 6 yards, 1s. 6d.; imitation—good quality lace of exquisite pattern and useful width; acceptable present.—Carter, 37, Rosebank-nd, Hanwell, London.

FREE—Dandy Purse sent to the first 200 readers applying for list of Smart Handbags, Mugs and Attache Cases, etc.; enclose two penny stamps for postage.—C. N. Bury-nd, 204, High-street, Didley.

LAUREL, 1s. 6d. for 15s. Gen's 15s.; L. n. w. approval.—E. 75, Gorton-nd, Coventry.

SKINNIES, 12clrs. Wrap, Super quality, 1s. 6d.; 100s. 6d. for 15s. Gen's 15s.; L. n. w. approval.—S. W. WINCEY (McGregor's) Scotch soft dressed, better than Flannel, dainty, durable and unshrinkable; white and pink, 50s. 6d.—Patterns free from 1s. 1d. per yard.—Twill, 2s. 6d.—Patterns free from Crochsmith Downes, Edinburg, W. 2.

GARDENING

100,000 ILLUSTRATED Catalogues given away this month; great Sixpenny Clearance Sale of bundles of all kinds; great Sixpenny Clearance Sale of Raspberries, gooseberries, currants, gooseberries, Raspberries, gooseberries, Carnations; all at 6d. per lot; every thing for garden, do not miss this; send for your catalogue at once.—G. F. Letts and Son, Growers, 65, Badleigh.

Satisfied!

WITH Heinz Baked Beans on the table you sit down hungry and get up happy. The first fragrant whiff puts your appetite on edge. The first tempting taste is a revelation.

A dish of Heinz Baked Beans is complete in itself, without any "extras"—nourishing, satisfying, economical.

There's a full meal in a tin. Just heat and serve.

HEINZ BAKED BEANS

WITH TOMATO SAUCE

Never to be confused with ordinary haricot beans.

One of the **57** Varieties

H. J. HEINZ Company Limited, LONDON



THE LONDON SEASON

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INTERNATIONAL
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ORGANIZED UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

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And many other wonderful exhibits gathered from every corner of the world.

All enquiries to The Organiser, Lt. Col. G. S. HUTCHISON, D.S.O., M.C., Copthall House, E.C.2.

DELUGE OF VOTERS IN BEAUTY CONTEST. Hundreds of Thousands of Coupons Sent In.

MORE PICTURES SOON.

Public interest in *The Daily Mirror* £2,500 Beauty Competition grows keener every day. Rangly has a newspaper contest so completely captured the imagination of its readers.

Already the voting coupons received in connection with the first week's selection of published photographs number hundreds of thousands, and by the time the first post this morning has been opened the total is certain to reach an amazing figure. After that no further No. 1 coupons will be accepted.

Readers should begin at once to vote for the second week's photographs, the first selection of which are published in this issue. The selection consists of twelve senior entrants, from which readers should make a choice of two and complete Section I. of the voting coupon that appears below.

Later in the week twelve more photographs—six each for Sections II. and III.—will be published, and No. 2 voting coupons can then be completed and sent in. They should be sent in until all the week's twenty-four photographs have appeared.

No fewer than 17,000 photographs have been received from all parts of the United Kingdom.

Entrants should write in ink on the back of each photograph their name, age and address before posting it to:—“The Editor, *Daily Mirror* Beauty Competition, 23-29, Bouvierie-street, E.C. 4.”

£2,500 BEAUTY COMPETITION VOTING COUPON.

(Valid only for use in connection with photographs published during the week ending Saturday, March 24.)

To the Manager, Beauty Competition Dept., *The Daily Mirror*, 47, Lombard-lane, E.C. 4.

My selection of the six most beautiful entrants in order of merit is as follows:

Section I.		Section II.		Section III.	
1st	2nd	1st	2nd	1st	2nd

Indicate the photograph you select by letter only, printed in block letters. Six photographs must be selected.

I enter this competition upon and subject to the conditions as published in *The Daily Mirror*, and agree to abide by such conditions, and to accept the decision of the Editor upon all matters and questions which may arise in connection with this competition as final and conclusive and absolutely and legally binding upon me.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

This coupon will not be accepted if received later than the first post of Tuesday, March 27, 1923.

IMPORTANT.

This coupon can only be used in connection with the photographs published this week, and it must not be sent in until the twelve photographs published in this week have appeared. Section I. can be completed to-day by indicating your choice of two out of the twelve photographs published in this issue.

SURPRISE FOR HUSBAND

Wife Who Spoke Co-Respondent's Name on Waking.

Mr. Harold Hope, a paper manufacturer's manager, of Barnsley, related in the Divorce Court yesterday a shock he got in the night when his wife seized his arm and said: “What time is it, Kelsey?” Kelsey was the Christian name of the co-respondent, a Mr. Johnson.

Mr. Hope said that in 1921 he took rooms for his wife at Southport, while he remained working at Barnsley.

He went there rather unexpectedly and, finding his wife was not there, he traced her to her sister's flat, where Mr. Johnson also had rooms.

After the bedroom incident described she refused to let him see her letters, and they quarrelled over the co-respondent.

Witness found a note from his wife pinned to the pillow. It ran: “Dear Harold, I have gone to try and find Johnson. Now you will be happy, Nellie.”

There was no defence, and Mr. Justice Horridge granted petitioner a decree nisi with costs. Counsel said a claim for damages was withdrawn.

M.P.'S EASTER HOLIDAY.

The Premier announced yesterday that the House of Commons would adjourn on the Easter recess on Saturday, March 29, and reassemble on Monday, April 3.

POMROY TO DIE.

Man Who Killed Girl in
Taxicab Loses Appeal.

INSANITY PLEA FAILS.

After hearing further evidence, the Court of Criminal Appeal yesterday dismissed the appeal of Bernard Pomroy, who was sentenced to death for murdering a domestic servant, named Alice Cheshire, in a taxicab.

Pomroy had a shirt open at the neck, was present in the dock.

Mr. Sherborne said at the trial Pomroy refused to be represented by a counsel, and when his brother desired to make a statement about his past, Pomroy refused to have the statement made.

In fact, so peculiar was his behaviour that counsel asked the Court to conclude that Pomroy was insane.

Counsel said Mr. Justice Horridge at the trial should have allowed the brother to make the statement. Would the Court now call Pomroy's brother, counsel asked.

The Lord Chief Justice: Very well, you can call that evidence.

Harold Pomroy, a clerk, of Hemel Hempstead, said, as a child, his brother had jaundice and convulsions, and later fits. He was severely wounded in the war.

In December, 1922, he wrote a letter to his mother saying he was maddened by being continually called “Sonny” when his Christian name was Bernard.

“You will have my dead body to entertain at Christmas,” the letter added. “Here am I, twenty-five years of age, and still you call me ‘Sonny.’ A cursed calling! It is too humiliating, and it pains me every mind day and night. It is not my fault that you nominate me as baby, which is so degrading.”

Mr. Justice Avory: He says he is too old to be called “Sonny.” That is all.

WOMAN'S OFFICE DEATH.

Mayor Learns Daughter's Fate While on Magistrates' Bench.

While sitting on the Bench at Richmond Police Court yesterday Alderman Metzner, Mayor of Richmond, a chartered accountant, was informed of the sudden death of his second daughter, Miss Olive Victoria Metzner.

Miss Metzner, who was thirty-six, died just after entering her father's office, where she worked. She had apparently been in good health lately. An inquest will be held.

WONDERS OF THE PAST.

Beautiful New Work Will Tell Story of Tu-Ankh Amen's Tomb.

“Wonders of the Past,” Part 1 of which (price 1s. 3d.) is on sale to-day, is claimed by its editor to be the most superbly illustrated work ever printed.

It is finely printed on art paper, and this sumptuous work surveys the marvellous results of antiquarian research in all parts of the world. In particular it will tell the story for the first time in a permanent and beautiful form with the story of the discovery of Tut-anh-kamen's tomb at Luxor.

This Part 1 of twenty-four fortnightly parts) contains four beautiful coloured plates and a large folding photogravure plate of Timagad—the grandest ruin of Colonial Rome—in North Africa.

Among other articles is one on “The Jungle Temples of Angkor Wat in Cambodia,” and there is, too, a great wealth of photographic

LENIN'S RECOVERY.

Gradually Regaining Use of Right Hand and Leg.

HELSINKIERS, Monday.

The latest bulletin regarding the state of Lenin's health show that he is steadily getting better.

He is gradually regaining the use of his right hand and leg.—Reuters.

Another Helsinki message, forwarded by the Exchange from Copenhagen, states that the War Council has been summoned at Moscow to consider important questions which have arisen in consequence of Lenin's illness.

TRIED TO FIRE GARAGE.

Page-Boy Foils Strange Man's Attempt—Hospital Safe Stolen.

What appears to have been a daring attempt to set fire to a West End garage is reported by Scotland Yard.

Shortly before dusk a respectably dressed man was seen to place a bundle of wood and paper beneath the door of a motor garage in Belsize-street, Tottenham Court-road. He then lighted a cigarette, dropped the match on to the paper, and walked away.

Fortunately a page-boy employed at the Orthopaedic Hospital, saw the man and promptly extinguished the flames.

By forcing a window, thieves entered St. Mary's Hospital, Paddington, and carried off the safe which contained £104 in Treasury notes, some cash, and National Health Insurance and unemployment stamps.

Don't use the Whip on Tired Nerves —it means trouble.

When the day's work is hard, you can't make it easier by whipping tired nerves. Ask any doctor for the facts.

You can't overdraw energy without paying.

Tea and coffee contain the nerve-stimulating drug, caffeine. When either is used to overcome fatigue, it means whipping the tired nerves into a run.

You may seem to get added strength—but there's a settlement coming for an overdrawn account.

Rest is the cure for fatigue. Health is the equipment for hard tasks.

Rest and health are interfered with when nerves are over-stimulated.

You've seen plenty of proof. How many people do you know who say, “I must go slow on tea and coffee; they keep me awake at nights?”

How is it in your own case? Have you counted restless night hours after the evening cup of tea or coffee? For a hot, comforting beverage, drink Instant Postum and let nerves have their natural rest.

There's charm without harm in Instant Postum—a delightful, satisfying cereal beverage: rich, seal brown in colour, delicious in flavour and aroma and containing nothing that can irritate nerves or disturb health. Instant Postum is safe and enjoyable for every member of the family, and is the perfect hot drink for children—friendly to young stomachs and absolutely safe for young nerves.

The road to health is a good road for anybody to follow.

INSTANT POSTUM

“There's a Reason”

Sold in 1-lb. tins, sufficient for 90 to 100 cups. 2/6, and 1/2-lb. tins, 1/7. Of Grocers and Stores.

THE GRAPE-NUTS CO., LTD.,
Dept. 23E, 86, C. E. Kenwell Road,
London, E.C. 1.

SEND
this COUPON
for TRIAL SAMPLE



sufficient to make 7 cups
of delicious Instant Postum.
Enclose 3d. in stamps to cover cost
of packing and postage. Address as above.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

(Dept. 23 E.)

I should Advise
The Woman Who
is Seeking A
Really Perfect
Powder To Try
Poudre Tokalon”

Jose Collins

Never before has it been possible to buy a Parisian Face Powder of such purity for One Shilling. A special box—Guaranteed absolutely pure. It is the one safe powder for fine skins. Will not clog or enlarge the pores. Poudre Tokalon keeps good skins good and makes poor skins attractive. It makes your looks younger and prettier. Books and all good chemists and druggists and stores carrying on in any of four different shades—French, Natural, Pink and White.



WEST HAM THROUGH TO CUP SEMI-FINAL WITH ONE GOAL

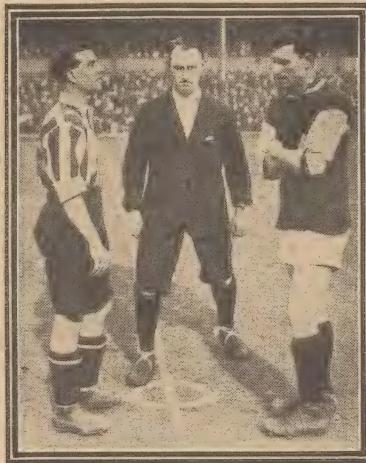


A Southampton forward loses the ball to two West-Ham players. The Southampton team play in stripes.



Hufton leaping to punch out a hard shot. Both defences were severely tried.

London's only remaining representatives in the F.A. Cup fought their way to the semi-final yesterday, when West Ham just defeated Southampton in the third meeting of the teams, at Villa Park, Birmingham. The only goal was scored for West Ham towards the end of the game.—(Daily Mirror photographs.)



The rival captains meet for the toss.



YOUNGEST WOMAN COUNCILLOR.—Miss Denis Fitt, who at the age of twenty-six is a town councillor of Norwich. By profession she is a theatrical manager, and is already an acquisition to the civic authority.



HER HUNDREDTH BIRTHDAY.—Mrs. Mary Wren, who was born in Long-lane, Bermondsey, on March 18, 1823, clasping a birthday gift of flowers and chatting with a birthday visitor in the Newington Institution. She has a daughter who is aged seventy-four.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



Give your complexion what it asks for.

Your complexion asks for an occasional touch of Poudre Nildé.

In the close atmosphere and brilliant light of the ball-room, theatre or restaurant, your skin demands Poudre Nildé. Use it regularly, and let your complexion retain its freshness and charm. The unique sifter box enables you to keep an even, delicate bloom on your cheeks, at any time, anywhere.

Poudre Nildé
in the sifter box



The sifter in the Poudre Nildé box regulates the supply of powder. You get just enough on the puff no more.

Poudre Nildé gives an exclusive daintiness and charm to the complexion. And it is easy, convenient and so economical to use.

Try Poudre Nildé to-day; the handbag size only costs a shilling, and lasts quite a long while.

Every box contains a puff.
POUDRE NILDE in the sifter box; rachel, naturelle, blanche, rose, basanée, or indienne; handbag size, 1/-; medium, 2/-; large, 3/-.

ROUGE INVISIBLE NILDE. Rouge in powder form, absolutely undetectable (brune or blonde). In the sifter box with puff, 1/-.

CRÈME DE BEAUTÉ NILDE (blanche or naturelle). A delightfully perfumed non-greasy cream, 1/-.

SAVON NILDE, the creamy lather soap, moderate in price, saves the skin without taxing the purse. Price 9d per tablet. Cartons containing three tablets, 2/3.

NILDÉ LIP SALVES, in elegant metal containers. Pomade des Lèvres, white, 9d; rouge or carmine, 1/-.

Nildé preparations are obtainable at all good chemists, parfumeurs and stores.

British and Colonial Agents,
8 Blenheim St., New Bond St.,
London, W.1.

NILDÉ, PARIS

LAST 8 DAYS! OF THE THIRD GOLDEN BALLOT

The ONE and ONLY BALLOT PROVED LEGAL
CLOSING DATE MARCH 27.

WIN £2,500 for 2s. 6d.

First Prize £2,500

2nd Prize:
A VALUABLE STRING OF
REAL PEARLS.

3rd Prize:
A TOUR ROUND THE WORLD

4th Prize:
A MOTOR CAR.

5th Prize:
TO BE EXQUISITELY
DRESSED FOR A YEAR.

6th Prize:
THREE ACRES AND A COW

7th Prize:
£100 BROADCAST WIRELESS
RECEIVING INSTALLATION,
By H.P.R. WIRELESS LTD.

400 CASES OF FINE WINES
supplied by Messrs. Godfrey & Duchêne
of Piccadilly.

A Fourth Golden Ballot will open on March
28th, but the Tickets will cost MORE.

THE GOLDEN BALLOT is in aid of the Royal
National Orthopaedic Hospital and Village
Settlements for Disabled ex-Service Men, and
the Executive Committee consists of:

The Earl of Denbigh & Desmond, C.V.O.
Sir William Tyrrell, K.C.M.G., K.C.V.O., C.B.
Major-General Sir Geoffrey Feilding, K.C.B.,
K.C.V.O., M.C., D.S.O.

Mrs. C. F. Leyel.

2/6 TICKETS

from any A.B.C. SHOP, 3, PICCADILLY
CIRCUS, and from

MRS. C. F. LEYEL (Desk 89).

8, MARBLE ARCH, W.1
to whom cheques and postal orders should be made
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(Please send stamped addressed envelope.)
COUPON—Please send me tickets
for which I enclose and stamped
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ADDRESS

CURED IN 7 DAYS! NERVOUSNESS TIMIDITY, BLUSHING

A Genuine Home Cure for Bustfulness, Blushing
Self-Consciousness, Shyness, Timidity, Twitchings, Lack
of Confidence, Depression, Indigestion, Nervy, Stomach and
Heartburn, Wind and Gas-Rising, Rheumatism, etc.
Simple, private, no inconvenience. Has CURED THOU-
SANDS after Doctors. Physical Culture and Suggestion have
failed. If you are not satisfied, send back the money you have
paid. Write at once, for full particulars will be sent
FREE privately, if you send a letter or postcard mentioning
"The CURE".—Address: C. F. DEAN, 12, All Saints' Rond, St. ANDREWS-ON-SEA.

The Cheap home-dye
with the 'no-trouble' method

jiffy FAST
Fadless
PACKET DYES

2D EACH
Sold in all shades to dye Cotton,
Silk or Wool, by Drysalters
Hardwaremen, Chemists and
Grocers everywhere.

Made by Edge's, Bolton.

LADIES! WHAT'S WRONG
WITH YOUR FIGURE?
ARE YOU FLAT CHESTED?
ARE YOU TOO STOUT?

Has your chest lost its graceful shape
through lack of exercise? If you
are troubled with any of these complaints write to-day to Lady Secretary,
NURSE CHALLONER COMPANY
(Dept. A40), 97, New Bond St., London, W.1,
stating your trouble, and full particulars
will be sent by return post how
you can cure yourself in your own
home. Merely enclose 1/- stamp for
ready under seal.



Tuesday— stews' day

let **BISTO**
add flavour and
nourishment
to the dish



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CEREBOS
PURITY

ARTICLES FOR DISPOSAL

BABY Goods—old, minimum, 2 lines.

BABY Goods—old, minimum prices; cat. free—8
Bolton, 405, Kingsland-rd, E.8

BEAUTIFUL unbreakable graduated pearl necklace, per
line, 18 in. 10s. 6d. 100% gold; 100% gold, approx.
willingly.—Gisela Peals, 13, Badsword-rd, Camberwell.

BEDSTEADS Bedding—Why pay shop prices? Newest

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ANOTHER VERY FUNNY
MUTT AND JEFF
ADVENTURE
ON PAGE 23
TO-DAY.

Pip On—and Off—the Roof! See Page 11

The Daily Mirror

NET SALE MUCH THE LARGEST OF ANY DAILY PICTURE NEWSPAPER

JEFF NEVER WAS
AN EARLY RISER.
SEE BUD FISHER'S
CARTOON ON
PAGE 23.

SENT TO EURASIANS



Doris Hawkes, the seven-years-old daughter of a Mortlake soldier killed in the war, who was sent to Madras from a girls' home in Surrey to be adopted. When she was claimed on arrival her prospective guardians proved to be Eurasians.



CRUSHED BY GUN.—Staff Sergeant Higgins (left) and Bombardier S. J. Reed, severely injured when a gun which they were examining fell on them at Aldershot.

DECREE FOR BARONET'S WIFE



Lady Chichester, who was yesterday granted a decree nisi, on grounds of desertion and misconduct, against her husband, Sir Edward George Chichester, Bart. The marriage took place in 1915. There was no defence.



READY FOR THEIR RIDE.—Phoebe, Anne and Ruth, the three little daughters of the Hon. Mrs. A. Howitt, waiting in the Row for their riding lesson to begin.

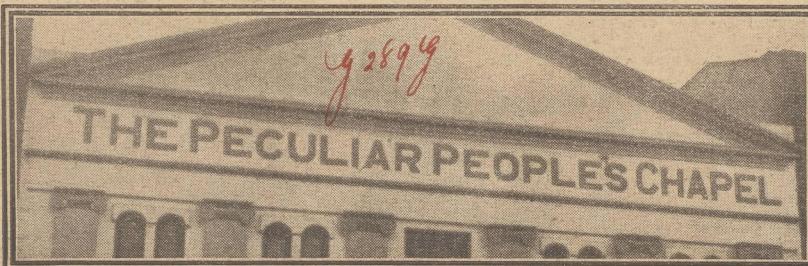
KENT INTER-SCHOOL SPORTS



The Hon. Esmond Harmsworth, M.P. for Thanet, congratulating the captain of the Ramsgate team on their success in the Kent inter-school sports championships, held at Chatham House, Ramsgate.—(Daily Mirror photograph.)



GRAND NATIONAL SCRATCHING.—Major Scott Murray's Gerald L., which was scratched out of the Grand National yesterday. He kicked himself at Hurst Park a week ago.



THE PECULIAR PEOPLE'S CHAPEL.—The unusual beliefs of the Peculiar People, a religious sect, are frequently mentioned in current news. Here is the sign over their chapel in Kennington-road.